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MARITIME MINING RECORD

Vol. 12, No. 10 Stellarton, N. S., Nov. 24 1909. New Series

ON MID-SUMMER HOLIDAY.

(By the Editor.)

We are not out of Scotland yet; it is a small country, but fruitful as a theme. Scotland is a splendid place in fine weather, and a horrid place, at least to one not accustomed to frequent soakings, when Scotch 'mists' prevail. Visitors from this side are at times disappointed; the rain spoils their visit and they have not time to wait on the erratic sun; at other times visitors are delighted. The verdict of the Rev'd Mary A. Shaford, who has a large congregation in the United States, is the one that prevails. She said, last August, "I have been looking forward twenty years to this visit and it has exceeded all my expectations. The people are splendid." And, mark you, don't forget that when she said this the writer was preambulating the country as one to the heather born. As in next issue Ireland will be the topic, I must make the best of this last reference, at this time, to Auld Scotia.

We sometimes hear essays as to the relative power of the pulpit and the press. Any debater who wishes to uphold the pulpit may pounce upon the following as an argument:—Scotland at the present time is intensely liberal in politics, notwithstanding the fact that the majority of the leading papers, and of the papers generally, are strongly unionist. At the present time there is only one penny, and one halfpenny daily liberal paper. The Glasgow Herald has the largest circulation of any Scottish paper; it is strongly unionist, and yet the liberals largely patronize it. They read its splendid news columns and skip its editorials. Dundee can lay credit to having the best paper in Scotland—it is liberal; while Manchester has the best liberal paper in England. Most of the crack preachers were on holiday, yet there was at least one left in Glasgow, the Rev'd Dr. John Hunter, whose fame is not confined to the British Isles. On Sabbath evening we took tram to his church. No, our conscience did not prick us, for we felt scarcely equal to a walk of eight miles. It was a long and a cheap drive, not more than eight cents. Usually admission to Dr. Hunter's church is by ticket, but the westenders, being many of them, away on holiday, we were shown right into one of the front side seats, having a fine view of the congregation. The church is a very large one. The congregation is made up of west enders; west enders are the well to do people, and yet they were not in the least snobbish; they were affable. Those in whose seat we were very kindly turned up the 'place' for us. This was necessary, as besides the bible, there are

other three compilations used in the service. This is not an episcopal church, but congregational, and yet it is 'high,' yes high as Ben Nevis. The minister is clothed in his doctor of divinity vestments. Every time he turns his back one notices a large splash of red and white. The church has a pulpit, probably there are two, (I was a trifle put out) and two reading desks. One of these consisted, in its upper part, of a great golden eagle. The book rested on the back of the big bird. I wanted explanation about that eagle; was it American or what? No one who I asked seemed able to give me any greater information than that an Eagle as book board could be seen in some of the 'English' churches. I wanted to know if it was significant, or symbolical of anything; they could not say. This was aggravating so I suggested the eagle might be there to remind the people that the promise to the true christian was that he would "Mount up with wings like eagles; run and not be weary." If that is the explanation why not have three desks, one for the eagle, one for the runner and one for the walker. To my mind—I admit I'm not aesthetic, a bust of Tom Longboat would have been no more out of place than that eagle. I am no believer in half measures—prefer the whole hog or none. Dr. Hunter went into the right hand reading desk and gave out a hymn, from a book of hymns compiled by him for the congregation. The organ played a verse and then the choir started the hymn. It was without doubt, a high toned and highly trained choir. The mechanism being perfect, so also was the product. Mind was there, as to heart and soul, I say nothing. The choir was on a raised platform at the back of the church, and though that may be held, by some, to be an old fashion, it is the proper place, at this time, in this age of scientific, higher critic, millinery. I agree with anyone who says there is nothing looks more ridiculous, nothing savors more of the burlesque, than to see lips in heads encased in great merry widow, or picture hats, large as wash tubs, moving up and down and singing, standing up, the people seated; Behold!—"Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." No fault could be found with the singing of the large congregation; it was spontaneous and hearty, and that was, and is always, the redeeming feature, no matter the size of the choir or the strength of the organ. While the first and subsequent hymns were being sung the preacher stepped down from the desk and stood facing the side of the pulpit. The people on the other side of the church might see his three quarters face, the people in the body of the church his side face; we saw his back, and a good broad back it was. There he was, facing the pulpit,